Pushed too far

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/47984230.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Jack Crawford, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Autistic Will Graham, Autistic Meltdown, Non-verbal Will Graham, Hurt/Comfort, Panic Attacks, Self-Harm, in the form of head hitting
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Apollo's Will Graham Whump.
Stats:	Published: 2023-06-19 Words: 1,237 Chapters: 1/1

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by apollotheking875

Summary

Will has a meltdown at a crime scene but Hannibal is there to help.
Graphic descriptions of the crime scene take caution when reading.

This is literally a carbon copy of my non-verbal Will Graham fic - and that one is better so read that rather than this if you're going to read one of them.

Notes

I wrote this ages ago and only realised when skimming it that it's basically another copy of my non-verbal Will fanfic just in a different font. Sorry about that one.

Tw:
Violence
Murder scene
Mentions of suicide
SH - head hitting and pinching at skin
Meltdown/Panic attack (Ik they're different but there's crossover here)

I am in love with Autistic Will Graham not being erased for plot. This is my attempt at Autistic Will having an Autistic meltdown at a crime scene, with Hannibal comfort obviously.

Set mid season 1, you can decide wether or not you want Hannibal to be a cannibal in this one as it's not specified. And Will doesn't have Encephalitis.

See the end of the work for more notes

It was one of the more gory crime scenes, a man had been beheaded, the head hung from a rope in a tree and the body was lying in a stream about 2 km away. Will stood by the tree looking up and shut his eyes, trying to ignore Jacks everlasting presence behind him.

He opened his eyes and the body was attached to the head and hanging from the tree,

“This wasn’t a murder, it was a suicide. A suicide I prompted by… by?”

He fell out of the illusion around him and back into the present, massaging his temples with his hand as the headache he woke up with got worse.

“Jack, how old is the person hanging?” Will asked turning to face Jack,

“John Tile, age 17, goes to ****** college.” Beverly cut in.

“Thanks.” Will muttered before turning round to continue analysing.

“I am his professor, and I am in love with him, I was jealous, he was dating someone and if I can’t have him no one can. I know he has strict parents, I know he doesn’t want to fail. So I made sure no matter the assignment he gave me I failed him, when he came to me to ask what he could do to fix it, I told him what he already believed, he was a failure, he killed himself soon after. I separated the head from the body, both are mine but to leave his purity whole would kill me. This is my design.”

Will snapped back to reality, he blank, the sun was hitting against his face and his eyes stung. The fabric of his shirt had been bothering him since he got it, the shop he usually bought it from had change it’s blend, as he ordered online he didn’t notice. It was now cotton and polyester, instead of just cotton. It was nearing on unbearable, but he needed to finish the case.

He turned around to look at Jack, but when he opened his mouth, nothing came out. It felt like his vocal cords had been blocked off.

“Will. What have you got?”

Will knew if he forced himself to speak it might throw him over the edge and he could end up having a meltdown in front of everyone here.

“Will! What. Have. You. Got?!”

Will suppressed a whimper, “I- um. He’s a-a.” He took a breathe. “The k-killer is a profef-pro-fess-or,” he pronounced each syllable to make sure the word came out right, “they were involve with J-John and failed him in all his a-s-ssign-ments to manipulate him into killing himself. It worked. Y-you need to go to the college before John’s death is published, otherwise the professor will make a run for i-it.”

“You heard the man!” Will winced at Jacks rough, loud voice “let’s go!”

Everyone reacted almost immediately running to their cars, Will took their movement as a chance to move away from the tree with the swinging head and more into the open area. Jack walked to a policeman’s car and looked over to Will, “Will! You coming?”

“N-no.” Jack rolled his eyes at him,

“I don’t have time for this, and stop stuttering, you’re not some anxious child!” Will suppressed a flinch, and nodded, knowing he’d stutter more if he answered vocally.

All the cars began pulling away, Will took a wobbly step back at the noise of revving engines. Once the last car was out of sight he fell to the ground and used his hands to cover his ears. Squeezing his eyes shut, he felt slightly less panicky knowing no one was there to see him, but his breath picked up anyway.

He started to use his fists to hit against his head, and cried out slightly when the fabric of his jumper brushed against his face, catching on his beard slightly. He used his fingers to grip and tug at his hair, nearly pulling it out.

“Wi—“ Will hit his head harder, “Will I must ask you to please refrain from harming yourself.” He felt as if he were in a bubble, he could hear the voice near him but it still felt so separate from him, distant.

“William. If you do not stop I’m afraid I’m going to have to detain you, please stop.”

‘*William? No one called him- Hannibal*?’ Will opened one of his eyes slightly and saw Hannibal crouched in front of him, a look of worry painted onto his face.

“Ha-“ Will’s voice cut off slightly, he felt his voice become blocked off once more. And simply stared at Hannibal.

“Will, I’m glad you are aware of my presence. May you please let go of your hair?” Will opened his other eye and blank, then processed the question and felt the hair in his hands. He loosened the grip and eventually let his hands drop to his crossed legs, and used his left hand to tug on the flesh around his right,

“S-s-sorry” Will winced at the amount of time is took to spit the word out.

“It is not your fault, Will, you were overstimulated, I noticed even before you began analysing the crime and I should have ensured you were okay first, if anything it is my fault I apologise.”

“N-not your fault.” Hannibal laughed slightly and Will frowned.

“I am not laughing at you Will, I’m laughing at your ability to blame yourself but still ensure others don’t blame themselves.” Hannibal smiled at him gently.

Will nodded in understanding.

“Will, I will not ask you to look at me, but please listen. I feel that you may be pushing yourself too much, all I ask if for you to consider leaving the fbi, it is not your responsibility to save these people. Do you understand?”

Will nodded again, still staring at his hands, his left had pinched to hard and blood bubbled to the surface. He wiped the blood away and looked at Hannibal, not even bothering to fake eye contact by looking at his nose or between his eyebrows, he simply looked at the mans tailored suit.

He flinched back slightly when Hannibal's hand moved towards him and could practically feel the look of worry that was shot his way tingling against his skin. The hand drew back and Will relaxed a bit. Not ready for touch.

Will's cheeks flushed slightly when he remembered he was sitting on the ground and he moved to stand up. Hannibal stood then reached out a grabbed Will's arm to help him up. Will whimpered before he push the sound down, the hand on his arm let go, "Sorry Will, I didn't not intend to cause you any pain."

"'s fine" Will replied.

"Come, I will drive you home, if that's okay?"

"Kay," His words slurred slightly but he began to follow Hannibal to his parked nearly out of sight.

Hannibal opened the passenger door and Will was quick to sit and buckle his seatbelt wincing at the feeling of leather underneath him. As Hannibal got in and started the engine of the car Will let his head slump and pressed his check against the cold glass of the window sighing in relief as it took the edge off his headache.

Hannibal pulled out of the wooded area and the vibrations of the car lulled Will to sleep in about 5 minutes.

'Safe.' was the last thought that crossed his mind.

End Notes

Thank for reading!

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